THE

Death and Burial

OF

COCK ROBIN.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
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LOS ANGELES

The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord:
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

AN ELEGY

ON THE

Death and Burial

OF

COCK ROBIN.

Ornamented with Cuts.

YORK:
Printed by J. Kendrew, 23, Colliergate.

COCK ROBIN.

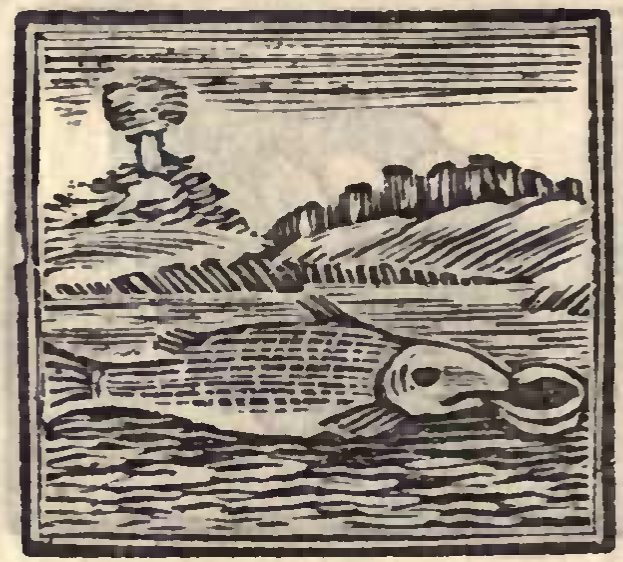
WHO kill'd Cock Robin?
I, says the Sparrow,
With my bow and arrow,
And I kill'd Cock Robin.

This is the Sparrow,
With his bow and arrow.

Who saw him die?
I, said the Fly,
With my little eye,
And I saw him die.

This is the Fly,
With his little eye.

Who caught his blood?
I, said the Fish,
With my little dish,
And I caught his blood.



This is the Fish,
That held the dish.

Who made his shroud?
I, said the Beetle,
With my little needle,
And I made his shroud.

This is the Beetle,
With his thread and needle.

Who shall dig the grave?
I, said the Owl,
With my spade and shov'l,
And I'll dig his grave.

This is the Owl so brave,
That dug Cock Robin's grave.

Who will be the Parson?
I, said the Rook,
With my little book,
And I will be the Parson.

Here's parson Rook,
A reading his book.

Who will be the clerk?
I, said the Lark,
If 'tis not in the dark,
And I will be the clerk.

Behold how the Lark,
Says Amen, like a clerk.

Who'll carry him to the grave?
I, said the Kite,
If 'tis not in the night,
And I'll carry him to the grave.

Behold now the Kite,
How he takes his flight.

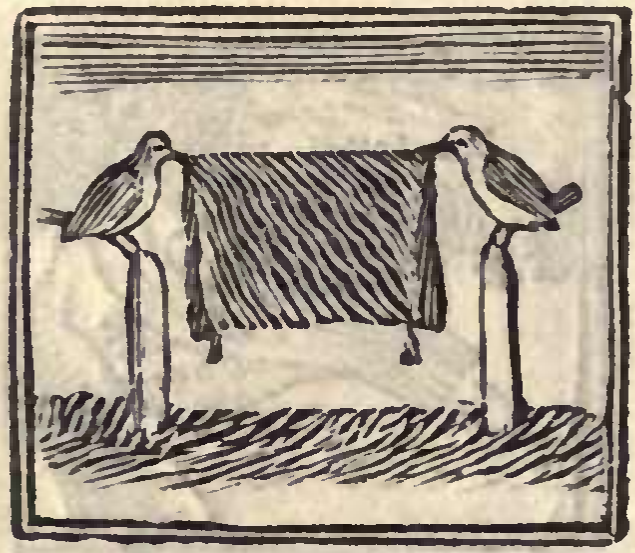
Who will carry the link,
I, said the Linnet,
I'll fetch it in a minute,
And I'll carry the link.

Here's the Linnet with a light
Altho' 'tis not night.

Who'll be the chief mourner?
I, said the Dove,
For I mourn for my love,
And I'll be the chief mourner.

Here's a pretty Dove,
That mourns for her love.

Who'll bear the pall?
We, says the Wrens,
Both the cock and the hen,
And we,ll bear the pall.



See the Wrens so small,
Who bore Cock Robin's pall.

Who'll sing a psalm?
I, says the Thrush,
As he sat in a bush,
And I'll sing a psalm.

Here's a fine Thrush,
Singing psalms in a bush.

Who'll toll the bell?
I, says the Bull,
Because I can pull,
So Cock Robin farewell.

All the birds in the air,
Fell a sighing and sobbing,
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin.